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Bargains, we believe, better than ever before shown in this County.

### Night Dresses.

SPECIAL.—Good cloth, tucked yoke, ruffled neck and sleeves. ONLY 42 C

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SPECIAL.—Good cotton, square neck, Hamburg yoke, collar and sleeves trimmed with Cambric ruffle. ONLY 75 C

SPECIAL.—Nice cotton, square neck, Hamburg collar trimmed with edge, sleeves trimmed with Hamburg. ONLY \$1 00

Special in Corset Covers 1 Lot 12 1/2c each. 3 for 30c

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Special in Drawers. 3 Lots, 19c, 25c, 38c.

Special in Skirts. 8 Lots, 50c, 75c and \$1.00.

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NORWAY, MAINE.

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LOW PRICE

FOR 2 WEEKS

IN

Carpet

To Reduce Stock.

Best Extra Super, All Wool, 53c

Regular price 65c.

Good All Wool, extra super, 49c

Extra Good Moquette Rug, 3 ft. by 6 ft. 3.50

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If you would have a clear, fine complexion use one of the

Complexion Brushes

an excellent tonic for the skin, found at HALL'S DRUG Store.

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READY-MADE

Overskirts in

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G. P. BEAN, Corner Church and Main Streets.

## A WANT AD. IN THE NEWS

Will bring in returns very quickly. Try one. Rates—One week 25 cents, three weeks 50 cts.

# The Bethel News.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF BETHEL AND SURROUNDING TOWNS.

\$1.25 Per Year, in advance.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 1, 1899.

Vol. IV. No. 36.

## Town Topics.

WHAT OUR PEOPLE ARE DOING. ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP ABOUT TOWN.

"A City That is Set on a Hill Cannot Be Hid."

Drama Thursday night. Prepare for a hot fight in the contest.

Mrs. E. A. Chase of Bluehill is with her daughter, Mrs. A. E. Herrick.

Mrs. Wm. Holmes, who was thought to have recovered from the grip, is quite ill again.

Dr. Morton's friends are pleased to hear that he is somewhat recovering from his recent ill turn.

Mr. Chas. Williams, night operator at the Grand Trunk station has been removed to the Portland and Rochester Junction.

Owing to the illness of Miss Hall, Mr. Leon Walker has served as organist at the Congregational church the past two Sabbaths.

Rev. Wesley Woodbury of Pottsville, Pa., who was called here by the death of his father, started for his home last Thursday morning.

By request of the president of the Columbian Club, the paper read before the club, upon Michael Angelo, will be published in the next two numbers of the News.

Mr. George A. Gagne of the late firm of Haynes & Gagne, has purchased the interest of Mr. Haynes in the laundry business at Bethel, and will continue the business alone.

Rev. Arthur Varley has been selected as one of the speakers in the course of lectures at Oxford, and will speak there Friday evening. The subject of his lecture is "Our Country."

Mr. and Mrs. Emery Young have suffered from a severe attack of the grip. Mr. Young is now so far recovered as to be out, but Mrs. Young is still very poorly and has a serious cough.

Prof. Chapman attended a meeting at Clemen Hall, Berlin, N. H., last week in the interest of the festival which is to occur sometime in October. About 50 names were secured and the outlook for a successful musical event, is very bright.

Claud N. Mills who for several years has served so faithfully in the employ of G. P. Bean, has concluded his work there to accept a situation with William Prince & Co., of Portland. The latter concern carries on a large wholesale business in fancy goods and gents' furnishings goods. We are sorry to lose Mr. Mills from our town; he is a young man whom any town would regret to lose, and while regretting to lose him from the ranks of our promising young men, we most heartily wish him that true success in life which he so well deserves.

Warren A. Emery who has a contract to get out 2000 cords spruce pulp wood for A. S. Bean of Bethel has 800 or more cords landed on the Androscoggin river and 600 cords yarded in the woods. He will easily complete his contract. He has twelve men and six teams at work. The season has been excellent for his work and no interruption has occurred. The land from which this spruce is taken is a large tract purchased two or three years ago by A. S. Bean, of the heirs of the late W. W. Mason. It is estimated that there are 10,000 cords of spruce left upon it besides 5000 feet of white birch and much hard wood lumber. It is all easily available to the market, being only three miles from the Androscoggin river near Gilead.

Read and Remember

That the next lecture in Gould's Academy lecture course will be given Monday evening, Feb. 6, by George C. Chase, D. D., L. L. D., President of Bates college.

Mr. Chase is a profound scholar, a deep thinker and a logical reasoner. This will undoubtedly be one of the most scholarly lectures of the course. The subject, "The Threefold Fountain of Life," suggested by Wadsworth's line, "We live by admiration, hope and love," it offers a wide field for broadening and ennobling thought.

It is hoped that all who are in sympathy with the lecture movement, will aid and encourage it by their presence on this occasion.

Lawyers, Attention.

We have prepared and have on sale at our office, complete indices of Probate Forms which are pronounced by those of the profession who have used and seen them, to be of much value in office work. We invite your attention to these forms.

News Pub. Co.

## STATE NEWS.

Charles S. Pettengill of Augusta has been elected principal of the Augusta schools in place of S. I. Graves who recently resigned to accept a similar position in Springfield, Mass.

After an inquest Coroner Prentiss returned a verdict that Mrs. Nellie Donohue of Oldtown, who was shot during an altercation in the French settlement, yesterday, came to her death by three bullet wounds from a pistol in the hands of Louis Bushey or some other person unknown.

One of the first towns in Maine to announce its Memorial day orator for '99 is South Paris, which has selected Rev. J. K. Richardson, D. D., of Brockton, Mass., a member of the 22nd and 30th Maine Regiments.

I. C. Libby of Waterville, is about to build a modern sheep barn on his farm there, which will be stocked with the finest sheep to be found. It will accommodate 500 sheep and everyone of the flock will be thoroughbred.

Major Herbert M. Lord, who came on from Washington as a member of the Dingley funeral party, has been at his home in Rockland, and while there announced his candidacy for the position of Congressman from the Second District.

The Wilton Weekly Sentinel has been purchased by E. J. Beck, proprietor of the Livermore Falls Advertiser. M. M. Russell of Wilton, has accepted the position of editor and business manager.

Recently in the north part of Sumner, a daughter of a Mr. Soper died after a long illness, and a boy was sent to call assistance from a neighbor. He slid on his sled down hill and came in collision with a fence post where he was found unconscious with a broken arm and collar bone. Internal injuries are also feared.

The following members of the Congressional party, accompanying Congressman Dingley's remains, were the guests of the Rickers at Foland Springs, Tuesday night: Mr. Hale, Mr. Boutelle, Mr. Payne, Mr. Tawney, Mr. Clark, Mr. Dooliver, Mr. Brownell, Mr. Bell, Mr. Williams and Major Lord. The remaining members of the party were at the Elm House.

Isaac Dow, aged 80 years, was burned to death last Tuesday in his hut in the eastern part of Benton, where years ago he had fled to escape being sent to the poorhouse, and where he lived the life of a hermit. When the remains were taken out, the body was so badly burned that the flesh in places dropped from the bones.

Edward Rowell of Centre Montville, who was committed to the insane asylum last week after an assault on his wife and daughter, died at the asylum soon after his arrival, from exhaustion. He had not eaten for several days before his commitment.

The white page of our new year has already been blackened by murder.

Maine's fire record for 1898 was the worst for several years.

Elmer Arnold, an insane hospital inmate while in a violent condition Wednesday, tore off the end of a settee and so beat William George, another inmate, that he died Thursday. Arnold has been at the hospital four years and was considered inoffensive. George belonged in Rockland where he has a wife.

It is stated that Edward N. Dingley of Kalamazoo, Mich., will represent the interest held by his father, the late Representative Dingley, in the Lewiston Journal. He will move from Kalamazoo, he is said, before many weeks, as soon as his affairs as a member of the Michigan Legislature and editor of the Telegraph can be closed out and take up his residence in Lewiston.

The words of praise bestowed upon Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it, prove the merit of the medicine.

Mr. Payne (Rep.) of New York has been appointed chairman of the Ways and Means committee, to succeed Mr. Dingley.

## Freaks of the Type.

BY FRED F. FOSTER, A. M.

Whoever has visited a printing office, and noted the almost countless numbers of metallic pieces daily handled by the compositor, cannot wonder that typographical errors now and then occur; neither must he deem it remarkable that they are so few.

Such errors may be caused by the use of wrong letters, the changing of a word, the omission of punctuation marks, and in various other ways.

The result is generally amusing to the reader, though frequently calculated to evoke forcible rather than elegant language from the author of the article in which they appear.

His indignation will be somewhat mollified, however, if he stops to consider that they may be due to the fact that his chirography is not much more readily decipherable than hieroglyphics—not to the "blundering stupidity" of the compositor.

In the description of a new and magnificent steamboat, this statement occurred, "She had twenty births in the ladies' cabin." Is it strange that an honest old woman, reading the above, exclaimed, "What a squalling there must have been?"

"Her chest tones are full and prominent," wrote a critic, concerning a celebrated cantatrice. The compositor and proof-reader were not versed in musical nomenclature, and the unfortunate outcome of their ignorance in this direction was, "Her breast bones are full and prominent."

Of a new minister, whose favor he desired to secure to himself, an editor said, "He is a most venerable sample of antiquity." To his consternation, in print it read, "He is a most venerable sample of antiquity."

One line of a poem, dedicated to its author's lady, was, "I kissed her under the stars." His feelings can better be imagined than described, when he saw it transformed into, "I kicked her under the stars."

Another poet intended to say, "See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire." The types made him say, "See the pale martyr in a shirt on fire."

"I offer my most respectful thanks to all who have honored me with their patronage," read a dancing master's "card to the public."

"May they always live in peace and harmony," is the way in which a marriage notice should be concluded. The happy couple must have felt decidedly uncomfortable when they saw, "May they always live on peace and harmony," in the announcement of their nuptials.

Noticing the applause elicited by the remarks of a speaker at a political meeting in England, a party organ said, "The air was rent with the snouts of three thousand people."

A Philadelphia paper, several years ago, wished to announce that "Hon. Mr.—" will address the masses at National Hall, this evening. From the misplacement of a space, it read, "Hon. Mr.—" will address them assae," etc.

The conductor of a religious paper was vexed because, when he quoted the line, "Love lies bleeding," it appeared, "Raw rice pudding."

Advertisements furnish many ludicrous mistakes. A prominent mercantile house in New York desired to bring to the knowledge of the public the fact that it had for sale a large quantity of brass hoppers—such as are used in coffee mills. "Brass hoppers" was printed, "grass hoppers."

"Old hats made new, while you wait for twenty-five cents," was the advertisement of a repairer of gentlemen's head-gear; and he was greatly surprised when one of his patrons, on receiving a hat which had been "made new," said, "I am in somewhat of a hurry, and will take the quarter now, if you please."

But an explanation followed and the "ad" was properly punctuated before it again appeared.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proved Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses of 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surface of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists. Price, 75c.

To Cure Constipation Forever. Take Chamberlain's Candy Cathartic. 10c or 25c. If C. C. fail to cure, druggists refund money.

## Somehow or Other.

The good wife bustled about the house, Her face still bright with a pleasant smile.

As broken snatches of happy song Strengthened her heart and hand the while.

The good man sat in the chimney nook, His little clay pipe within his lips, And all he'd made and all he'd lost, Ready and clear on his finger tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit. Nothing has done very well this year; Money is bound to be hard to get."

"Everything's bound to be very dear; How the cattle are going to be fed, How we're to keep the boys at school, Is kind of a doubtful and credit sum. I can't make balance by my rule."

"She turned her round from the baking bread, And she faced him with a cheerful laugh."

"Why, husband dear, one would think That the good, rich wheat was only a road."

And what if the wheat was only chaff, As long as we both are well and strong? I'm not a woman to worry a bit. Somehow or other we get along."

"Into some lives some rain must fall, Over all lands the storm must beat, But when the rain and storms are o'er, The after sunshine is twice as sweet. Through every strait we have found a road."

In every grief we've found a song; We've had to bear and had to wait; But somehow or other we get along."

"For thirty years we have loved each other, Stood by each other whatever befell, Six boys have called us father and mother."

And all of them living and doing well, We owe no man a penny, my dear, We're both of us loving, well and strong, Good man! I wish you would smoke again, And think how well we've got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh, He kissed his wife with a tender pride. He said "I'll do you tell me, love; I'll just count up on the other side."

She left him then with his sweet thought, And lifted her work with a low, sweet song— A song that followed me many a year; "Somehow or other we get along."

MRS. PETTINGILL'S HUSBAND.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The neighbors dropped in by twos and threes or one by one, until the large sitting-room in the farm-house, and the small parlor on the other side of the hall, were both filled with people. They spoke in subdued tones, or sat in silence, as those who have come to a house of mourning. In the village and through the whole township, which included West Dingle, North Dingle, East Dingle and the Center, no man had been better known nor more respected than Isiah Pettengill; yet it had been the misfortune of his long and worthy life, to have been always alluded to by the community as Mrs. Pettengill's husband. For an evident reason it is derogatory to any man's dignity to be thus popularly labeled. A man should stand in the forefront and face the world for his family, should by no means take second place in the public esteem. Isiah Pettengill, however, had always been overshadowed by the brisk and capable matron who bore his name. She was attentive, business-like and fond of authority; even her daughters, under their breath, called her domineering, and made haste as soon as they could to make places for themselves outside their mother's sphere. Lucy married at eighteen, Martha was a doctor practicing in New York; Alice was in a department store there as a saleswoman. There were no sons, and only little Mildred was at home, when her father, sitting usual, peaceful and quiet in his chair after supper, leaned back his head, drew a long breath, and was gathered to his fathers. At the moment, Mrs. Pettengill was presiding over a meeting of the Aid Society in the church, and Milly, frightened and amazed, had run to the next house for help. But of earthly help there was no need. Mr. Pettengill, with that tranquil steadfastness in his still face, was far past the storms and breakers of this troublesome world.

She shut up in the room with him—hasn't seen a soul—won't even speak to Lucy," said one good woman to another.

"The girls'll be here by eleven o'clock. John Hopper's got his team ready to go and meet 'em. I'll be hard on Alice. She favors her pa, and he was very fond of her."

"Hard on all the girls," said Mrs. Nancy Brainerd, who was an intimate friend and connection on the Pettengill side of marriage. Isiah really brought 'em all up. Haven't I seen him dress them from top to toe when they were wee tots, and didn't he wait on every child of 'em as if they were princesses? He stood between them and the rough wind always."

"Yes, I think he's aged very fast since Alice went off to work in that big store. No need of it, you know, with this house and the farm, and all Isiah's money. He sort o' pined for something cheery goin' on, and little Mildred was

'bout the only companion he had, poor man."

So the women talked, in half whispers, while the men sat dumb and compassionate. The instinct of sympathy had brought them to the desolate home. Now, though generally the lights were out, and everybody fast asleep by ten o'clock, the village folks would stay until the late train arrived, and the girls would be at home with their mother.

"To think," said Mrs. Danforth, "Mr. Pettengill was alive and well this afternoon. He called at my door and left my mail at three o'clock, and passed the time o' day, just as he always did. And now he's dead!"

Upstairs, in the low-ceiled room where the two, husband and wife, had spent forty-four years together Susan Pettengill sat beside the bed, her hand touching the icy cheek; her eyes, tearless yet, resting on the frozen brow.

"Isiah!" she said, "Isiah!" But there was no movement, no answer. For the first time in their wedded life, her husband was indifferent to her voice. "I wish I had not left you so often, dear," she said; "I wish I had been kinder. I wish you had not gone in such a hurry. You always took your time, Isiah; how could I know you would go and die when I was out of the house? How could I think of such a thing, my dear? My dear, my dear!"

And then the tears came. People knocked at the door, but she did not rise to let them in. People spoke, and called her. She paid no attention. Finally Mildred cried, "Mother, mother, let me come here and stay with you and pa. The house is full of neighbors. I want to be here with you!"

Mrs. Pettengill opened the door on the crack.

"You can't come here Mildred—not just yet. I've got to be alone with your father. Go to bed, child. It's past your bedtime."

For the first time in her life Mildred disobeyed her mother. Death breaks down the established order. She could not go to bed until the friends were gone, and her sisters had come home. The child crept downstairs again and nestled close to an old lady who had known much sorrow, and yet had kept serene and strong through it all. Aunt Raymond put an arm around Mildred, and drew the golden head to a resting-place against her soft, grey shawl. Presently the little girl was asleep.

Upstairs, still the widow, looking at her dead husband, went on with her self-reproach.

"You were always so easy and gentle, Isiah. You let me have my own way. You did not seem to mind, and I marched right over you. I wish I had not. Oh, I wish I had stayed with you tonight when you asked me too; you should have told me that you were not well; how could I know you were going to die? You never did a thing before consulting me!"

At last there was the sound of wheels at the door, and the bustle of an arrival. The daughters had come. The neighbors melted out of the house. There was a smell of coffee. Someone had thoughtfully prepared supper for the travelers. After everybody had gone, they sat down together and ate their meal. The mother had been coaxed away from her vigil, and had sat down with them.

"Father had *anyina pectoris*," said the daughter, who was a doctor. "He knew he would go suddenly at the last, but he pledged me never to worry you, mother. All his life his study has been not to worry you."

"Yes, I know."

"And he would not want you to grieve, dear; he would want you to keep up, so please won't you go to bed now, and get some sleep. There will be a good deal to do tomorrow."

The mother turned with a look of pale resolution.

"There has always been a good deal to do, and I would never let him do it as he liked. You are all tired, and may go to bed in your old rooms. See that Mildred is made comfortable. I shall stay beside Isiah, myself."

But one little life to live, friends, and some of us make such tangled work of it. And when it is too late we see our mistakes, and try in vain to make amends. There were no flowers lacking on Isiah Pettengill's mound in the cemetery, and the village grey familiar with the black-robed figure toiling every day. But there were those who thought in their hearts, that Susan might have made him happier while he lived.

"A good man, Isiah," said an old acquaintance, "but he'd have had a better time if he'd made folks stand round more. The Bible says, 'the meek shall inherit

the earth.' He never inherited his share, till he lay in his coffin."

That is our way of looking at it. The angels may see more clearly. At all events, in Mrs. Pettengill's later and lonelier years, she has experienced a change of heart. She is sweeter, less imperious, more self-forgetful than once, and one day she said, speaking to an acquaintance, "I am trying to be now what I wish I had been, when my dear husband was alive. Perhaps he sees me, and cares that I am trying. I like to think so."

Run's Doings.

A woman went to a wood-yard on a very cold day and asked to see the head man. He came forward. "Sir," said she, "can you let me have a quarter of a cord of wood for that?" handing him a piece of money; "my children are freezing."

The man looked closely at her. "Why, are you not Seth Blake's wife?" he asked.

"Yes sir, I am," said the woman. "How does it happen that you are in such low circumstances?" asked the man.

"Sir," answered Mrs. Blake, "rum did it."

"That's bad," said the man. "Yes sir, it is bad. My children are starving, and rum did that. My children are ragged, and rum did that. My children are growing up outside of the church, outside of the Sabbath school, outside of the day schools, and rum does that. My husband, once kind and industrious, is now a vagabond, and rum did it. My heart is broken, and rum did that." And the poor woman sank down on a log of wood, the picture of want and woe.

Nor did the rough woodman keep his eyes dry, for he remembered the time when Seth Blake was a promising young printer. He married a nice woman, and the young couple started in life with as fair a prospect of comfort and happiness as a young couple could well have. They had seats in church, too, and used to be seen listening to the word of God.

But Seth had a weak point. He would sometimes "drink." He did not quite believe in total abstinence. "Taste, not touch, handle not," was not his motto. The habit gained on him; it mastered him; it ruined him; and what is worse, a drunkard's family has to share a drunkard's shame and degradation.

Touch not, taste not, handle not, boys. It is the only safe ground. Any other is dangerous.

For La Grippe.

Thomas Whitefield & Co., 240 Wabash-ave., corner Jackson st., one of Chicago's oldest and most prominent druggists, recommend Chamberlain's cough remedy for la grippe, as it not only gives a prompt and complete relief, but also has tendency of la grippe to result in pneumonia. For sale by G. B. Wiley, and W. H. Crockett, Locke's Mills.

HUMOROUS.

The second-hand of a watch is really the third one.

The passing years leave their trace on every feature, but there is no other face that shows the flight of time more noticeably than that of the town clock.

People of many errors—compositors and proof-readers.

The pump-handle sees a good deal of the ups and downs of life.



## LOCAL NEWS.

W. R. Chapman spent Sunday in town.  
J. W. Bennett of Gilead, was in town last Thursday.  
Mrs. L. A. Hall visited in Bethel, N. H., last week.  
A. P. Bassett of Norway, was in town last Thursday and Friday.  
The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. F. S. Chandler, Thursday p. m.  
Mr. Geo. Clark has returned from Newry, and his broken limb is much better.

The selectmen are in session this week, closing up the accounts for the year.  
Friends of Miss L. C. Hall are pleased to see her at her duties in the store again.  
Mr. Fred Clark and wife, and Mrs. Clark's mother, Mrs. Kendall, are sick with the epidemic grip.  
Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Stowell are receiving congratulations upon the advent of a little stranger in their home.

The friends of Mrs. Antoinette Arno will regret to hear of her illness at the home of her son, Mr. Ed Arno.

The Universal History Club will meet Friday evening with A. M. Clark, session, number 2, sections 13-18.

Alfred Twitchell, who is living with his daughter, Mrs. Mercier, at Gorham, is reported as losing the use of his lower limbs.

Mrs. Gene Martin and Mona have been spending a few days with Mrs. Martin's parents, Mr. and Mrs. George Harding at West Bethel.

Mr. G. R. Wiley is much improving the interior of his store by painting and papering it throughout. The work is being done by Messrs. Will and Jotham Chapman.

Judge Foster is at Rumford Falls. He was at Berlin, Biddeford and Portland last week on business. His office in Portland will be open next week. His partner, Mr. Hersey, will be there the last of this week.

Mr. Volney S. Davis died at Errol, N. H., last Monday morning. Mr. Davis has been in very poor health for the past two years. He leaves a wife, the daughter of A. H. Mason of Bethel. Funeral this afternoon at 2 o'clock.

The young ladies of the Academy spoke before a committee for selection for prize speaking, last week. The following named were selected: Susie Hutchins, Maud Thurston, Ethel Sanborn, Ruby Smith, Henrietta Douglass, Sarah Chapman, Beatrice Kelliher and Minnie Godwin.

At a recent meeting of the senior class of G. A., the class papers were assigned as follows: Valdictory, Mabel Shaw; salutatory, Leon Walker; class ode, George French; class history, Beatrice Kelliher; presenter of class gifts, Ruby Smith; class orator, Robert Bisbee; class prophecy, Florence Carter.

Bear in mind that the school contest closes Friday afternoon, Feb. 17, at 5 o'clock. It is only a matter of guesswork which school will get the prize. One thing is certain, and that is, the school which gets it will have to do some hustling.

Mr. Isaac Heath died very suddenly at his home Friday night. He had just gone to his room to retire, and feeling ill he called to the family to bring him some hot water for he thought he was dying. Before any remedies could be obtained he was dead. The funeral was held at his late home Sunday.

**Bridge Went Down.**  
Last Saturday, as a loaded logging team was coming across the first bridge on the Glen road, the middle section of the bridge gave away, dumping the logs and rear section of the sled into the river. Neither the driver nor the horses were injured. There were several loaded teams that could not get down Saturday on account of the accident. A force of men was put to work on the bridge Sunday and soon repaired it.—Gorham (N. H.) Mountaineer.

**Growing Stronger**  
Cold Settled on the Lungs and Caused a Serious Cough—Hope of Recovery Abandoned—But Hood's Sarsaparilla Cured.  
"A severe cold settled on my lungs. I began to cough and kept growing worse all the time. My husband was paying out a great deal of money for medicine, but I continued to grow weaker every day, and in the winter of 1895 I gave up all hopes of ever getting better. After this I read of people gaining strength by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and my husband advised me to try this medicine. I purchased three bottles and began taking it. Before I had finished the first bottle I saw that I was growing stronger and my cough was better. After taking two bottles my cough was gone. I continued taking Hood's and I am now in better health than I have been for years." MARY A. SMITH, LaGrange, Maine.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. Hood's Pills are the best after-dinner pills, aid digestion, etc.

**Lawyers' Attention.**  
We have prepared and have on sale at our office, complete indices of Probate Forms which are pronounced by those of the profession who have used and seen them, to be of much value in office work. We invite your attention to these forms.

On Tuesday, Feb. 7, the committee on towns will give a hearing on the petition to cut up Franklin plantation and annex it to Peru, Rumford, and Woodstock.

Petitions have been presented asking that the streams flowing into Songo Pond in Bethel and Albany, be closed to fishing.

## STATE NEWS.

The first coal fire in the town of Roxbury is in use this winter. It is used in one of the stores.

The grip has reached the lumber camps. People who have thought the disease bad enough when the patient was surrounded with all the comforts of home, and the advantage of medical attendance, ought to be able to appreciate the sufferings of these poor fellows forty miles from a hot lemon.

J. B. Atherton, a native of Hallowell, and a brother of W. P. Atherton is one of Honolulu's influential citizens. He heads an important petition which is to be transmitted to Congress very soon, praying for that body to enact and place in the constitution now being framed for Hawaii, the following three provisions: First, that the importation, manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors (including wine and beer) be prohibited; second, that gambling be prohibited; third, the importation and sale of opium be prohibited. Mr. Atherton is prominent in many large business concerns.

Miss Clara Fogg has donated a valuable lot of land on Main street for the location of a proposed new building for the Bridgton Public Library.

Henry C. Lovell, a resident of Portland, died at Lynn, Mass., Friday, aged 85 years. He was former inspector of the Portland custom house, and for many years employed in the Kittery navy yard. He was the oldest member of the Portland Masonic bodies.

Re-cutting on the Penobscot is resumed, and with cool weather the harvest will be finished by the last of this week. The cold snap was just what the ice men here needed, and several concerns are running ice 18 inches or more, in thickness.

Mrs. Esther Thompson, one of the oldest women in Maine, died Sunday, aged 99 years. She leaves three children, Mrs. David Buck of Saco, Benjamin F. Thompson of Somerville and Charles Thompson of East Boston.

Superintendent of Schools Stetson has been invited by the Federation of Women's Clubs of Georgia to speak at Atlanta on Feb. 13 on "Common Schools." On account of stress of business, Mr. Stetson is obliged to decline the invitation.

Mrs. Wesley Wallace of Small Point, aged about 20 years, was fearfully burned, last Saturday, while using kerosene to light a fire in the stove. The can exploded, and she ran out doors, her clothing all in flames. Her clothing was burned entirely off, and her body frightfully burned. The doctor gives no hope for her recovery.

**QUEEN THINGS IN TEXAS.**  
Wm. Wood and Air Act Strangely to Northern Eyes.

There are some queer things down here, writes a Texas correspondent of the Fulton Democrat. For instance, the best wood you can get will burn out while you are mixing the dough for your biscuits. There has not been a night in three months when one needed any covering. All gloves, shoes and other leather articles will melt and be ruined if neglected. One cannot keep bread or cake in tin boxes, as they will turn spoil in a day. It is the washwoman's paradise, owing to the fine bleaching qualities of Texas water and Texas sunshine. Stamps and envelopes stick together in the most expediting fashion in spite of every precaution. A daily bath is not a luxury, but a necessity, one living here can understand why the ancient Pompeians spent so much time in their baths. The sun's heat is like a blast from a hot furnace; it will blister the tender skin on one's shoulders in a minute; and yet one can walk, work or drive in this sunshine with impunity from danger of sunstroke, and with far less discomfort than the summer sunshine of the north. One may take a severe cold, and in a day it is gone. The severest fevers usually vanish in a

**Like Other Professions, That of Veterinary Surgery is Overcrowded.**  
"I don't care to study law; they're too many in the profession now," you often hear folks say," remarked a lawyer to a Philadelphia Call reporter. "The same thing is said with reference to medicine and in fact, all the professions. That the statement is not without foundation was shown the other day by an incident on Eighth street. A carriage horse had fallen to the ground as the result of the oppressive heat. In less than five minutes there were eight or nine veterinary surgeons on the scene, each of them prescribing different remedies to remedy the stricken steed. A great crowd had gathered around and the excited driver—he evidently valued the horse very highly—remarked: 'Well, who would have believed that so many horse doctors could be summoned in so short a time?' It has often been stated that there are fewer practitioners in this profession than in any other, but the incident I refer to would seem to challenge the assertion."

**Marriages.**  
In Bethel, Jan. 19, by Rev. J. W. Lewis, Ira W. Bean and Roxanna Penley of Andover.

In Norway, Jan. 23, by Rev. W. B. Eldridge, Mr. Arthur R. Knight and Miss Mary A. Stone, both of Oxford.

In Norway, Jan. 23, by Rev. C. E. Angell, Mr. Charles Leonard Seaver of Cambridgeport, Mass., and Miss Yelma Edith Pulsifer of Norway.

In Rumford Falls, Jan. 23, by Rev. G. B. Hannaford, Mr. Joseph E. Leitch and Miss Ida May Howard, both of Rumford Falls.

## Our Young Readers.

**The Baby's Prayer.**  
She knelt with her sweet hands folded;  
Her fair little head bowed low;  
While dead eyes stared at the window  
And the air was thick with woe;  
Within, hearts dumb with care;  
And up through the leaden silence  
Rose softly the baby's prayer:  
"Bless all whom I love, dear Father,  
And help me to be good," she said;  
Then stirred by a sudden fancy,  
She lifted the shining head,  
Did she catch on the frozen maple  
Some hint of the April green,  
Or the breath of the woodland blossoms  
The drifts of the snow between?  
"The beautiful trees," she whispered,  
"Where the orioles used to sing;  
They are tired of the cold, white winter  
Oh, help them to grow in spring;  
And the flowers that I loved to gather,  
Lord, bring them again in May;  
The dear little violets, sleeping  
Down deep in the ground to-day,  
Ah, earth may be chill with snowflakes,  
And hearts may be cold with care,  
But wastes of a frozen silence  
Are crossed by the baby's prayer;  
And lips that were dumb with sorrow  
In jubilant hope may sing;  
For when earth is wrapped in winter,  
In the heart of the Lord 'tis spring."  
—Alice M. Eddy.

**Daisy's Birthday.**  
BY MRS. ANNIE A. PRESTON.  
Daisy is a little girl who lives in Providence, R. I., and I suppose some of the children who read this story, will laugh, and say: "Oh, my! How funny! We knew all about this in the time of it. It was little Daisy Vinerson, you know!"

Long before Christmas, Daisy had been saying, very wisely: "I 'pect to have a sled, Trismas, and a wax doll." And she called one day on her sister Lou, who was just married, and told her she "spected the doll would have a pink dress," and she confided to her brother Tom, Lou's husband, that she "spected the sled to be a green one. So, of course, it happened that, among the many gifts on the Vinerson Christmas-tree, Daisy found the expected sled and doll. She was delighted, and danced about like a fairy; but, as she loaded her sled with her presents, she said, with a little sigh of regret: "Here's my doll, and oranges, and candy, and pop-corn balls, and an A B C book, but I 'spected somefin' else."

It was in vain they all coaxed. Daisy kept her own counsel in her own curly head. She often said, however, "It is swang, because it is somefin' I need so much."

On New Year's day another deluge of presents came to surprise the dainty pet. There was a white kitten, with a blue ribbon around its neck; a pair of white mittens, with swan's-down around the top; a satin hood trimmed with swan's-down, and, best of all, Daisy thought, one for the wax doll just like it.

"They are bean'ful," said Daisy, "and I fank you, but they wasn't what I 'spected. I 'spected somefin' else—somefin' that I need very much."

Daisy had 'heard her mamma say, "do hope the children, in buying gifts for me, will remember my needs this year, for I need certain articles very much." Daisy was coaxed again by brother Tom and all the other brothers and sisters in vain. She would shake her sunny head and purse up her cherry lips and say, "It's swang that you can't see for yourselves what I need."

The weeks rolled by until spring days came, when the sled and mittens and hood were laid away for another winter.

"Daisy's birthday comes this week," said Lou, one pleasant May Sunday afternoon, when all the family were gathered for lunch before returning to church and Sunday-school.

"Is it?" cried Daisy, in excitement. "Don't they give gifts to good little girls on their birthdays?" "Certainly," said Tom. "What would you like to have, little one?" They all suppressed their smiles, thinking the wee darling's secret was out, now, but she shook her head gravely, as usual.

"There is one thing I need," she said; "and 'cause I'm afraid you haven't thought yet what it is, I will write you a letter about it, and that won't be just quite the same as if I told it, 'cos mamma said she didn't fank it was very nice to tell what you wanted."

Getting a sheet of paper and a pencil, Daisy sat down by mamma's desk, and scribbled away until the little zigzag lines covered one whole page; this she handed to Tom, saying, very politely, as mamma did sometimes, when she had a family letter interesting to all: "Read it aloud, please, Tom dear." So the laughing young man read:

"Dear Tom, I wish you would bring me a little black-and-tan dog named Pedro."

"Isn't that a word in it?" cried Daisy, so Tom handed the letter to her papa, who read:

"I would like a pair of earrings like Kitty Lew's."

"No," said Daisy, "I 'sposed you could read writing, papa."

The paper was passed around the room, each one of the large family reading it differently; but of the fans, parasols, chairs, lockets, bracelets, dolls, white mice, and rabbits, Daisy each time said, "No."

When the paper got around to Tom again, Daisy took it from his hand with an expression of supreme disgust and looked it over.

"It is just as fine, lovely writing as ever was," she said; "But I

shall never tell if you can't read it yourselves, when I have written (tea-set, tea-set, TEA-SET, as plain as day all over it," and away she ran up the stairs in a huff.  
She had no idea that her long-treasured secret was out, and said, petulantly, as a shout of laughter followed her flying feet, "I don't fink it's nice a bit to always laugh when I get vexed."

When, on her birthday morning, she found a doll's chair, table and tea-set in the bay window of the breakfast room, she said, "I should like to know who it was that fought and 'membered what I've needed and 'spected ever since a dreat while before Trismus day."

Mason, Me.

Dear Editor:—

I think the man spoken of in the last week's issue of the Bethel News is Thomas A. Edison.

Probably no man in the United States is better known than "The Wizard of Menlo Park," the inventor of the electric lamp, the dynamo, the phonograph, the "stock ticker," the electric pen, and the mimeograph, and the discoverer and improver of innumerable things in the field of electricity.

He was the son of a poor man, a village jack-of-all-trades, whose home was at Milan, Ohio, where the boy was born in 1847. While he was a child the family moved to Port Huron, Mich.

He had but two months of regular schooling, the rest of his education was given him by his mother. When only ten years old he read Gibbon and Hume, and was fascinated by books of chemistry. When Edison was twelve years of age he became a newsboy, on the Grand Trunk Railway. He sold papers and candies on the train. He established an amateur laboratory in one corner of the baggage car, where he amused himself at leisure moments. One day while he was absent from the car, a bottle of phosphorus was upset, and the car set on fire. This put an end to his chemical experiments for some time. The baggage master kicked his chemical apparatus out of the car, and Edison was obliged to set up his business in some other place. He published a paper of his own, entitled "The Grand Trunk Herald."

After he finished a machine he was anxious to take it apart again in order to make an experiment. He is rather tall, compactly built man, with a somewhat boyish, clean shaven face. He is somewhat deaf, and watches his visitor's lips closely to catch what he is saying. He is kind, genial and patient in explanation to those of inquiring minds. He is one of the busiest men in the world.

Your friend,  
JAN. 23, 1899. FRANCIS BROWN.

Bethel, Me., Jan. 24, 1899.

Dear Bethel News:—

The subject of the sketch is, I think, Thomas A. Edison the great inventor. He is of mixed Holland and English blood, his grandfather having been a Dutchman who settled near Newark, N.J., and married a Miss Ogdon, of English descent. He began his working life as a newsboy when only about eight years old, at Port Huron, Mich. Dropping his publication, he began the study of chemistry. When his experiments on the train had resulted in his setting fire to a car by the ignition of phosphorus, he was forced to abandon it. He next pursued telegraphy and became extraordinarily apt as an operator. In 1867, when living in Cincinnati, he began experimenting with the view to sending two messages at once over one wire, and succeeded in doing this in Boston not long afterward.

Your friend,  
GWYNEDOLYN STEARNS.

Bethel, Me., Jan. 23, 1899.

I think the man spoken of in last week's paper is Thomas Alva Edison, born in Milan, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1845, as we find he was a newsboy on the Grand Trunk road, and later published the "Grand Trunk Herald" which he sold with his papers. Several of his inventions are the automatic repeater, the phonograph and the megaphone.

Yours truly,  
2016 2nd St. PAUL C. THURSTON.

**Conundrums.**

1. 'Tis true I have both face and hands,  
And move before your eyes,  
But when I move I always stand,  
And when I stand, I lie.

2. If I kiss you by mistake,  
What war weapon do I make?

3. A word of three syllables, seek till you find,  
Which has in it, the twenty-six letters combined.

**An Honest Medicine For La Grippe.**  
George W. Waitt of South Gardiner, Me., says: "I have had the worst cough, cold, chills and grip and have taken lots of trash of no account but profit to the vendor. Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the only thing that has done any good whatever. I have used one 50 cent bottle and the chills, cold and grip have all left me. I congratulate the manufacturers of honest medicine." For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel, and W. H. Crockett, Locke's Mills.

The words of praise bestowed upon Hood's Sarsaparilla by those who have taken it, prove the merit of the medicine.



## FARM FIELD & GARDEN.

### SOIL FERTILITY.

Valuable and thorough experiments in the maintenance of the fertility of the soil have been continued for a number of years at the Ohio station. The results of these experiments appear to justify the opinion that for the crops and soils under test phosphoric acid is at present the most important constituent of a fertilizer, with nitrogen and potash following in the order named. Further conclusions drawn by the station are:

The largest increase is only obtained when the fertilizer contains all three of these constituents, but it does not yet seem necessary to use nitrogen and potash in so large proportion, relatively to phosphoric acid, as would be indicated by the chemical composition of the crops.

Apparently, phosphoric acid should considerably exceed either nitrogen or potash in quantity in a fertilizer for corn, oats or potatoes, while for wheat the proportion of nitrogen may closely approximate that of phosphoric acid.

Nitrate of soda is apparently the most effective carrier of nitrogen in common use as a fertilizer, but it can seldom be used with economy in Ohio because of the relatively high cost of its nitrogen.

Slaughterhouse tankage, which is the carrier of "ammonia" in practically all the factory mixed fertilizers sold in this state, is probably a less effective carrier of nitrogen than nitrate of soda, but the cost of nitrogen in unmixed tankage, when due allowance is made for the phosphoric acid carried by the tankage, is so much less than in nitrate of soda that tankage becomes a much more economical source of nitrogen to the Ohio farmer than nitrate of soda.

This advantage in tankage disappears, however, when it is purchased in the ordinary factory mixed fertilizer, since the price at which such fertilizers are generally sold brings the cost of their nitrogen to a higher figure than their necessary cost in nitrate of soda, while the experiments reported in bulletin 93 of this station indicate that the nitrogen of the factory mixed fertilizer is not more effective than that of ordinary tankage.

Dissolved boneblack is apparently a more effective carrier of phosphoric acid than raw bonemec or acid phosphate, but dissolved boneblack, like nitrate of soda, is seldom or never used in the compounding of factory mixed fertilizers in Ohio, because of the lower cost of phosphoric acid in other materials.

Acid phosphate, on account of its comparative cheapness and large supply, has become the standard carrier of fertilizer phosphoric acid. Our experiments indicate that commercial acid phosphate, like slaughterhouse tankage, is variable in composition, and both materials should only be bought on a guaranteed analysis.

Our experiments fully support the inference that the phosphoric acid of bone-meal and tankage, when these materials are finely ground, is quite as effective, pound for pound, as the "available" phosphoric acid of acid phosphate, and that these materials, unlike boneblack and Carolina rock, require no treatment with sulphuric acid to make their phosphoric acid available, provided only the grinding be done with sufficient thoroughness. Investigations indicate that there has been a decided improvement in grinding within recent years.

Basic slag appears to stand next to dissolved boneblack in effectiveness as a carrier of phosphoric acid. Apparently this result is in part at least due to the superior mechanical condition of the slag meal, as it is an extremely fine powder. This material is not treated with acid.

These experiments show that the fertilizing constituents of barnyard manure act more slowly than those of commercial fertilizers, but as they cost much less in manure it becomes the cheapest fertilizer.

The advantage of applying manure to the surface instead of plowing it under is strikingly shown.

### AT "PLUMMER'S."

#### WARMTH and COMFORT.

More clothing value for the money than you are able to get outside of this store. More value means better quality, style, workmanship, fit and finish. I buy for cash and sell for cash—that's the way you get more value.

Bethel, Me., Jan. 23, 1899.

I think the man spoken of in last week's paper is Thomas Alva Edison, born in Milan, Ohio, Feb. 11, 1845, as we find he was a newsboy on the Grand Trunk road, and later published the "Grand Trunk Herald" which he sold with his papers. Several of his inventions are the automatic repeater, the phonograph and the megaphone.

Yours truly,  
2016 2nd St. PAUL C. THURSTON.

**Men's Suits.**

Were \$10.00—now, \$7.50  
" 8.00—now, 5.75  
" 5.00—now, 3.50

**Children's Suits.**

Were \$5.00—now, \$3.50  
" 4.00—now, 3.10  
" 3.00—now, 2.40

**Men's Winter Shirts.**

\$1 Shirts, ..... \$1c  
50c Shirts, ..... 30c

**Men's Boots.**

\$2 Boots, ..... \$1.75  
\$1.50 Boots, ..... 1.35

**Men's Overcoats and Ulsters at \$7.39.**

Men's 50c Overalls, 35c.

I am closing out my line of winter goods. Step lively if you want first choice. Pass it on—let neighbor tell neighbor.

J. F. PLUMMER,  
SOUTH PARIS, ME.

LOST—A watch, liberal reward to finder.  
How often we see advertisements similar to the above.  
The number of lost watches would be greatly reduced if each owner carried his time-piece attached to a strong durable chain.  
I have many different styles in single and double vest chains for gentlemen, and the longnetto or neck chain for ladies. Lock the stable before the horse is stolen," in other words, buy a good chain.  
EDWARD KING,  
JEWELER AND OPTICIAN.

## SPRING, 1899.

### Edward Hart

of New York City,  
invites you to call on

CEYLON ROWE,  
Bethel,

and inspect his line of  
Tailoring Goods,

comprising the novelties and staple  
Fabrics

of all the best Known Manufacturers of the Mills of the World.

ABSOLUTE SATISFACTION  
GUARANTEED.

Notice to Horse and Stock Growers!

I have recently taken the agency, and purchased a large amount of the best of the

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO.'S PRODUCTS.

This is the largest factory in the world making this class of goods for the growing and putting in condition of Horses, Cattle, Calves, Sheep, Swine and Poultry. These are reliable goods and all sold under a guarantee. Come in and look it over and get some free reading matter that will interest you.

I also carry a full line of the best Horse Medicines and Liniments to be found.

A nice line of Horse Clippers just received.

## YOUNG'S HARNESS STORE.

### Your Wisest Course

IF IN NEED OF

## HAMBURGS

will be to examine my stock which will be sold at

5 AND 10 CTS. PER YD.,

Until the entire lot is closed.

## E. E. Burnham's.

Our Special Sale of  
Norway, Maine, Jan. 13, '99.

Odd Lots in

## FOOTWEAR

Still Continues.

SMILEY SHOE STORE,  
E. N. SWEET, MANAGER,

127 MAIN STREET, NORWAY, MAINE.

## The WONDERFUL

### QUEEN BUTTER MAKER.

Butter Made in From Two to Five Minutes...

A SCIENTIFIC WONDER.

We have solved the problem of time. "The Wonderful Queen Butter Maker" can make butter in an exceedingly short time, in from two to five minutes; with little or no expense of labor, the quality of the cream and em peature making the difference.

HOW IT IS DONE.

In the old dasher churn the cream was pounded leisurely for one or two hours, until the globules containing the butter were broken. By a system of gauding we are enabled to agitate the cream a thousand times more than the old dasher churn. This agitation at once breaks the minute globules and the butter comes at once to the top, gathered in a solid mass.

No more tired arms or weary backs.  
No more all days of churning.  
No more cross wives on churning day.  
Butter making, a pleasure and a luxury.  
Buy the Wonderful Queen Butter Maker.  
Always have happiness and quiet in the home.

Our agents will show to any one, the wonderful merits of the Queen Butter Maker, and take orders for delivery.  
The only Butter Maker on earth that makes butter in from three to five minutes.  
Every family wants one, every family will buy one.

HIRAM H. WILSON, AGT.

## Advertise in the News.

GRAND TRU  
TRAINS FROM  
PORTLAND R  
Island Pond,  
Gorham,  
Gilead,  
Bethel,  
Locke's Mills,  
Bryant Pond,  
South Paris,  
Portland,  
TRAINS FROM PO  
POND R U N .  
Portland,  
South Paris,  
Bryant Pond,  
Locke's Mills,  
Bethel,  
West Bethel,  
Gilead,  
Gorham,  
Island Pond,  
Sunday paper tra  
ing west at 8.30  
10.10, Bryant Pon  
10.50, Bethel 11.1  
Gilead 11.34, Gorr  
Bethel 12.25.  
The train which l  
2.05 A. M., and t  
Portland at 8.30  
all others every d  
BUSINES  
MISS E. E. BURN  
Millinery, Fancy  
HERRICK & PAR  
Attorneys  
A. W. GROVER,  
Pension  
Cole Block,  
Office days the in  
DR. J. G. GELTRI  
Physician  
Office at residence  
A. S. Kimball,  
" (Kimball).  
KIMBALL  
Attorney  
NORWAY.  
A full business re  
attention.  
E. L. Te  
We keep cons  
best quality of  
Corr  
Which we grind  
We also keep  
FLOUR,  
BRAN,  
MIDDLE  
Poultry  
We also do  
Custom  
E. L.  
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LOCKE'S  
R. E. L. J.  
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what y  
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If you don't s  
Prof. G. L. Pres  
Scientific  
Optician.  
Commencing  
ceive 2 cars, 10  
sizes 1,000 to 1  
in ready for  
as low as ever.  
stock of Harne  
Harness of our  
JONAS  
AUBURN,  
TALK-POON CA  
F. G.  
of







